

# Black Birds

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Summary: It's a new year at H.I.V.E. What surprise will this hold for everybody's favorite assassin?

## 1. Chapter 1

**\*\*Disclaimer: I DON'T OWN H.I.V.E (unfortunately) \*\***

The Shroud hangar at H.I.V.E. was full of activity, along with the rest of the school. This wasn't unusual this time of year. Teachers were busy trying to make sure students were prepared for their upcoming exams. Upperclassmen were tormenting the third years with horror stories of the Hunt, in which the younger students were soon to be participating. (Raven's twenty-four hour record, she would be very pleased to tell you, was still intact.) The latest additions to the school were finally accustomed to life at H.I.V.E.

The Shroud hangar was definitely the busiest, though. Pilots, copilots, and various other workers were running around, making final checks on the half dozen flying machines that were going all over the world that day.

This was the scene Raven saw when she walked into the hangar, Blackbox in hand, prepared for her least favorite mission of the year- collecting the new Alpha Stream students. There were so many things out of her control, and she hated that she couldn't be there to oversee the extraction of each student, but until Professor Pike developed a new invention, there was no way she could be in two places at once.

Raven's Blackbox vibrated as she walked up the ramp to one of the Shrouds, telling her that she had received the files on the students she was in charge of collecting this year. Sitting in the cockpit, she opened her Blackbox and read through the files.

The first girl was the daughter of the head of G.L.O.V.E.'s North American operations. Her name was Sabrina, and she lived in the U.S.

Well, this should be easy, Raven thought. Since her father was part of G.L.O.V.E., her parents should be expecting this sometime soon and there should be no resistance.

By the time she had finished reading the first file, the Shroud's pilot had entered the cockpit.

"Where to first, Raven?"

"38-50'56'' North, 105-06'42'' West." Raven replied quickly before turning back to the files. As the Shroud rose up off the landing pad, Raven flipped to the next file and began to do the same as she did with the first.

The next kid was a boy who went by the name of James Griffin. His file said he was blind, but still very capable. He caught the attention of H.I.V.E. By creating and almost detonating a bomb that could have destroyed all of Paris had he actually set it off.

By the time Raven had made it through the pyro's file, which was at least twice as long as the first girl's, the pilot was already beginning to descend toward the pine-covered land. The dark-haired woman rushed out of the cockpit and began preparing for her first extraction of the day.

\*\*Ok! So how was it? Slow, I know, but i promise it will pick up soon! You know what you should do now? Click that little blue button on the bottom of this page that says 'Review \*\*\*\*This Chapter\*\*\*\*' and let me know how I'm doing on my first story!\*\*\*\* Fly On, \*\*

\*\* ~Snailz (p.s. Any Max Ride fans out there?）\*\*

## 2. Chapter 2

As Raven had predicted, the first two extractions had been easy- well other than the fact that Sabrina had thrown a book at her before Raven had been able to hit the girl with her Sleeper gun. The Russian made sure that both children were situated for the flight and headed back up to the cockpit, where the pilot was waiting. "Say goodbye to France," she told him, "we're heading to Moscow." A small smile played across Raven's face. We're heading home, she added silently, as the Shroud took off.

The final student that they were collecting was a girl. She had attracted the attention of H.I.V.E. by trying hard not to attract any attention. She was a ghost, performing impressive stunts, and then disappearing seemingly into thin air. She was good at it, too. The only picture the file had of her was very grainy and not very clear. All Raven could tell was that she had long dark hair and pale skin. According to the file, her name was Nadia, and there was no last name. As Raven read this, something flashed across her mind, something from her brief stint in a happy childhood, but she was unable to figure out what it was.

The Shroud touched down just outside of Moscow. "See you in a few hours?" the pilot asked as Raven headed out of the cockpit.

"I'll see you in 30 minutes," she replied quickly before turning around briskly walking off of the Shroud.

\_Moscow might be a big city, but it was also once my home, \_Raven told herself as she stepped off of the Shroud and was met by a harsh gust of wind. She paused only briefly before continuing, heading toward the part of town that she knew she would find this Nadia in. After all, it was where Raven knew she would have found herself back when she was Nadia's age.

The part of town where Raven used to live was home to all of the criminals and thieves. Old buildings stretched up towards the sky, abandoned and in great disrepair. Most of them were bolted up so the people could not get in. The only people who stood around this part of town were the ones with no place left to go. They littered the streets, some huddled up against buildings trying to keep warm, some crouched in the alleyways in groups plotting and scheming ways to get enough money so that they would be able to leave this place and go and rejoin the rest of the world, and the others stayed in the shadows, trying hard not to be seen.

This was the part of town that you would never venture into after dark, but to Raven, this was her old home. As she walked down the street her mind was trying to take her on a swim through a sea of flashbacks.

\_Down that alley was where I stayed the first night after I ran away from home.\_

\_ Over there was where I would hide before I was sure that no one was looking for me.\_

\_ In that building there are some broken boards on the windows that made it possible for me to crawl in and seek shelter from the wind until everyone else discovered it.\_

Memories like those drifted through her head reminding her what her life had been like before she had been captured, before the Glasshouse, before H.I.V.E. She was no longer the scared child she had been when she had lived here. Not anymore, and never again.

When Raven finally made it to the narrow where she used to live, she was mildly surprised to see that there was somebody there huddled amongst some of the rubbish.

Suddenly, the person looked up, her long dark hair falling in front of her face and covering one of her ice-blue eyes. Raven was startled for a second. Those eyes were almost exactly like hers. The only noticeable difference was that this strange girl's were less cold and suspicious- more mischievous and intrigued- but still had seen and done things most girls her age would never dream about in their worst nightmares. Just from that, Raven could tell that this girl hadn't been on the streets for long, but for longer than anybody would ever want to be. Her pale skin was nearly translucent, but it made her even more striking.

"Come back for more, Damek?" the girl called out, thinking Raven was another one of the street people. "Need more than one beating a day, now? Or did you just forget that I told you to stay away from my alley?" Raven had to admit, to a normal person, this girl could be quite intimidating, despite her young age. Raven realized that this must be Nadia, whom she had come to retrieve.

"I am not Damek," Raven called out, not wanting to scare the girl away. Nadia became slightly less tense after hearing her say that, but she was still on edge. \_Don't let your guard down so quickly, \_Raven felt like telling the girl- as though she was back at H.I.V.E. giving this girl sparring instruction like she did with one of her favorite Alphas-though she'd deny it vehemently if you suggested it-Wing. Shaking her head slightly, Raven brought herself back to the current situation. She slowly reached towards the tactical belt where her Sleeper gun was holstered. Slowly she took the gun out and aimed it at the girl.

"Sorry, I don't plan on dying today," Nadia said, seeing the gun. Then, almost as quickly as Raven could have, had she been in that position, she stood up, and scrambled up the wall behind her before Raven could pull the trigger.

Seeing that the target was no longer there, Raven started to scale the wall right behind Nadia. Jumping down on the other side, Raven saw her target rounding the corner. Instead of chasing after the girl, Raven instead climbed the side of the building that was in the direction that Nadia had run.

From the rooftops Raven followed Nadia until the younger girl turned into another alleyway, convinced she had lost the assassin. As Nadia paused to catch her breath, Raven jumped down from the rooftop. Nadia looked up, and seeing that she had not escaped, she turned to run again.

"You're not going to lose me. You know that, right?" Raven told the soon-to-be Alpha. "You can't escape me. As much as you try, you won't."

Nadia looked at her, contemplating whether or not she should believe the woman who looked so much like herself. A strange look crossed her face before she spoke "You're Natalya, aren't you? Mom and Dad, they used talk about you all the time when they thought I couldn't hear them. They always thought you were going to come back..."

Nadia slumped to the ground. Raven looked down at her hands, surprised to find her Sleeper gun in them, having just fired the shot that had knocked out Nadia.

Picking up the unconscious girl, Raven quickly headed back to the Shroud, her head a whirlwind of emotions.

\*\*So first off SORRY! Blame my beta (she gave me permission to say that) It will NOT take so long to update next time. Secondly, is secondly a word? Third THANK YOU to Shnizel and AndAPartridgeInAGrapeTree for reviewing! Fly On ~Snailz\*\*

### 3. Chapter 3

The moment the Shroud touched the hard stone floor of H.I.V.E.'s hangar, Raven was out the door of the cockpit, practically sprinting to get out of the machine she had been confined to for the silent two hour ride back to the school. Passing through the holding bay, the irate Russian made sure not to look at the girl with long, dark hair, to try and keep her thoughts and emotions from rampaging through her

head. Raven struggled to keep her level-headed facade as she headed down the ramp, leaving the pilot to take care of the still bleary-eyed Alphas.

The hallways of H.I.V.E. were almost eerily quite as she walked down them. Normally, she would go directly to Nero's office, report on the extractions, and then go and situate herself in a her hiding place to watch Nero welcome the new students. Not this time, though. When she came to the hall that led to Nero's office, she walked right passed it. Raven didn't trust herself or her emotions to stay in check long enough to stay calm and civil while talking to Nero, so instead she chose to avoid him entirely.

Raven kept walking until she came to the doors of the sparring gym. Smiling to herself as she opened the doors, Raven knew that this was exactly what she needed. She briskly crossed the room and retrieved one of Professor Pike's latest model of sparing dummies. Raven then took out her own katanas. After setting the forcefield so that the twin swords were completely dull, Raven approached the dummy.

As the first of many lightning fast blows hit the dummy, the thoughts Raven had been trying so hard to keep buried were unleashed, attacking her mind like the attacks of the sparring dummy before her. Unlike the sparring dummy's attacks, which Raven could block and avoid, there was no evading the thoughts charging through her mind. With every blow or block she made while fighting the dummy, another thought broke free.

Slice.\_ I have a sister?\_

Block.\_ Did Nero know?\_

Jab\_. Of course he did.\_

Dodge. \_Why didn't he tell me?\_

Feint. \_He KNEW! He knew and he didn't tell me!\_

Soon what she was doing with her swords faded into the background as she became immersed in her thoughts.

\_ He couldn't have given me a bit of notice, could he? No, he had to just let me go and get her off of the streets, and \_then\_ find out she was my sister.\_

\_ Why was she on the streets? Why wasn't she with our parents? \_

\_ Did something happen to them? What happened after I left? Did they even care? \_

\_ There was a reason I never talked about my life before the Glasshouse. Nero should've known that. He should've known that he shouldn't go digging in my past, but what does he do? He goes and finds my sister! My sister that I didn't even know I had, and he brings her here! He would've done better leaving her where he found her. She's crafty enough, she wouldn't starve. Nero should've left her alone.\_

With every thought, Raven's attacks grew quicker and harsher. Soon, memories infiltrated her mind, and joined the thoughts on their

attack.

\_ Little Natalya, sitting on the floor playing with her dolls. Through the closed door she can hear her parents yelling at each other, screaming at each other in Russian about something that the young girl didn't understand. As the screams grow louder, the girl slowly sets down the dolls. Something breaks in the room beneath her. The sound of shattering glass reaches the girl's ears as she slowly slides towards one of the corners, seeking refuge in the small space. Natalya hated it when her parents yelled like this. As the volume of her mother's shrieks increase, a small tear drifts down the little girl's face.\_

Raven shook her head slightly, trying to rid herself of the memory and concentrate on the fight. Her mind had different plans and as soon as she had dealt the next blow to the dummy, the next memory ensnared her.

\_ Natalya was nine. There was a dinner party going on around her with people from her father's work and possible new clients. Her father was a successful business man, and was playing the part. Conversing, laughing, and entertaining his guests, Natalya was beginning to wonder who this strange, happy man was, and what he had done with the hard, bitter, cruel man that was her father. Natalya turned to her mother next. Gone was her constant scowl, and her normally cold blue eyes were replaced a light that the girl had never seen, as her mother stood, chatting with the other wives, and playing the good housewife with a phony smile plastered on her face. They were pretending that they were the perfect family, and only Natalya, who was supposed to be the dutiful daughter and be seen but not heard, could see the cracks in their charade. In fact, she was one of them. The nine-year-old girl was not even supposed to be down there, but she had gotten hungry and bored. She had ventured downstairs, looking for a snack, trying not to be caught by her parents. Suddenly, she felt a pair of eyes upon her, and she turned to see that the happy man had been replaced once again by her father, glaring at her quickly before turning back to his company and putting back on his happy mask, his glare unnoticed by his guests. Natalya, on the other hand, knew that there would be hell to pay later.\_

Raven jumped back, narrowly avoiding the dummy's attack. \_Get a grip,\_ she thought to herself. She righted herself before attacking the dummy, but she was wearing down. Her attacks were becoming slightly less powerful and less precise as the battle continued. She was also wearing down mentally, and the next memory was able to push itself into her mind, forcing her to relive one of her least favorite recollections from her childhood.

\_The frigid winter wind nipped at 10-year-old Natalya's cheeks as she stumbled down an abandoned street. Behind her were streets lined with happy houses, lit up with the lights of Christmas trees as families sat around smiling, laughing and exchanging presents. It was Christmas Eve, a day most people spend with their families at home, yet Natalya wandered down the cold streets, alone. She no longer had a home or a family to go home to. She had finally done it, she had finally run away. She was done, fed up, and she wanted nothing more than to put as much distance between her and that wrenched place as possible. The air grew colder as she continued to walk. Soon, she was so cold she could hardly walk. She spotted a small alleyway where she could hide from the wind for the night. It was big enough for her to

squeeze into, but small enough so that no one else, except perhaps someone her age, could. She crawled into the small crevice and curled into a small ball. A normal girl would then break down and cry, but Natalya was not a normal girl. She could no longer be weak, and to her, allowing herself to cry would be doing just that. So she sat there and listened to the wind blow until she fell asleep.\_

Someone touched Raven's shoulder, pulling her out of her dark memories, but before she could turn to see who it was, one last thought drifted through her mind. \_Did Nadia have to go through anything like that? \_She forced that thought back into the box in the back of her mind, joining all of the unpleasant memories as she whirled around to face the assailant, katanas poised to attack.

\*\*So it didn't take forever to update this time! Thank you to Tamarisk Gold (my beta) for actually getting it back to me! And a super thank you to Vordax0110 and Shnizel for reviewing the last chapter! I love any and all feedback that I get. \*\*

\*\*Fly On,\*\*

\*\* ~Snailz\*\*

End  
file.